Ballet TODAY

SEPTEMBER 1957 ANYA LINDEN PRICE 1/6

BALLET TODAY

CONTENTS

No. 7 AUG./SEPT., 1957 VOL. 10

Festival Ballet at home and abroad by Anton Dolin 3
Backstage 4
News from the World 5
The Reminiscences of Boris Kniaseff (Part 2) 8
London Ballet Month, by A. V. Coton 9
Elaine Fifield 10
Careers in Pictures—Anya Linden 12
Ulanova's London Diary (final chapter) 15
Men in Ballet—Ronald Hynd 17
Ballet Guide for the Month 18
Lyane Daydé by Jean Coquelle 19
Featuring the Schools—Charters Towers 22

Cover Portrait

Anya Linden *Photo: Mike Davis*

Photo on this page

Pilar Lopez *Ibanez, Madrid*

NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL FEATURES

Men in Ballet .. Keith Beckett

An Interview with Ana Ricarda

Final chapter of The Reminiscences of Boris Kniaseff

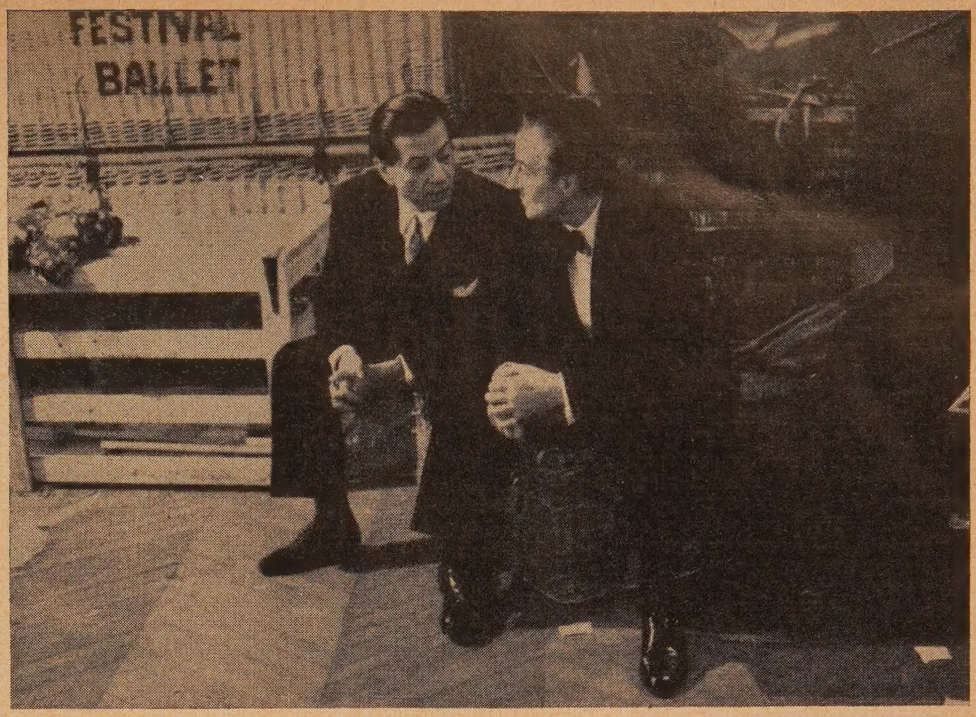
A. V. Coton's review of the Edinburgh Festival

The October issue of BALLET TODAY will be published on 25th September.

Published and Edited by Estelle Herf from 15, *Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey* (*Telephone: Elmbridge* 9743), *to whom all Editorial advertising and other communications should be addressed.*

Printed by Richard Madley Ltd., 54 Grafton Way, W.1, England. SOLE AGENTS: Australasia: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland: Messrs. Kingstons Ltd.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET IS INCREASING BRITAIN'S PRESTIGE ABROAD



By

ANTON DOLIN

IT has not escaped notice that whereas London's Festival Ballet is proceeding from triumph to triumph in the opinion of foreign critics, its occasional provincial tours have been less encouraging. Now and then we find theatres not quite full when we visit the larger English towns. Are we to conclude from this that British provincial audiences are lacking in taste, or even that they are growing tired of ballet? I definitely do not think so.

Two factors must be taken into consideration. First, London's Festival Ballet is in the fortunate position of having a summer season at the Royal Festival Hall every year, and very often another, not so long one at Christmas time. By saving up their enthusiasm—and I find that provincial ballet-lovers are as enthusiastic as ever—our keenest supporters are able to combine their patronage with a trip to London, and that always has a strong pull with provincial theatre-goers. The second factor really does not apply to us at all, although we are apt to suffer from it. Somehow the idea has got around that ballet companies send their "second strings" on tour, and keep all their best talents in reserve for London. London's Festival Ballet of course, is not divided up in this way; the same dancers constantly appear, whether the season is a London one or not. We do not keep "pockets" of pampered celebrities for the edification of special audiences—to us all audiences are alike.

This I think is becoming very generally recognised and accounts for the great success we have enjoyed in places like Paris, Amsterdam, Dusseldorf, Geneva, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, Wiesbaden and Munich. Or in Israel, of which we have specially pleasant memories. The people of Israel are immensely appreciative of Art in all its forms, and our reception there, especially in the fine Habima Theatre at Tel Aviv, has been so enthusiastic that Dr. Braunsweg is already discussing and planning a return visit.

I am sometimes amazed at the condescension with which English Ballet critics treat serious artistic efforts. It does not reflect particular credit either on their judgment or their experience. Quite commonly we are told—in a manner implying that we should be grateful for the acknowledgment—that London's Festival Ballet is "growing up"; and it is not uncommon, when our return visit to London comes up, to learn that "the children of ballet" are back! Might it not be more appropriate to write: "London's Festival Ballet have arrived"?

Why should we be spoken of as children just because we are a young company? If it were said that the ballet is becoming more mature, that might be nearer the mark. All companies, when they work together over a period of time, develop resources, evolve a fluency which springs from the almost telepathic understanding that grows between artists in constant harmonious contact and leadership. But it has nothing to do with youth or age. Indeed, dancers *should* be young. I was only eighteen when I became Diaghileff's premier danseur; Serge Lifar was the same age. A dancer's best years are those of early youth, when secure in sound training, he or she can develop those personal characteristics that alone can put an artist into the superlative class. As technique develops, an ageing dancer may "cover up" and hide with artistry the failing responses of physical agility—but youth is the time when a dancer may give all that he or she has got. So we are not in the least ashamed of being a *young* company! And I think it is this quality of youth, plus the cohesion that springs from matured technique, that is now bringing us so much praise, and adding to the great prestige which we are able to secure for British talent abroad.

If ballet is a living art, it must develop and grow. It must reflect changing phases in taste and thought. And I am not one of those who insist that dancers can do the best for their country by adhering slavishly to what is now being called "the English style." What exactly is the "English style"? Style, yes, by all means; but why "English"? If by that we mean that *all* dancers must be measured to conform in size, that they must not raise their toes beyond a certain point, that, in short, they must be poured into a stereotyped narrow mould, then I say we shall soon turn British ballet into a dead thing, about as effective as the "prunes and prisms" of the Victorian school-room. What could have been greater than the contrast between Pavlova and Karsavina, two of the greatest ballerinas of all time? The one quality they had in common was their *style*, but that very quality gave the greatest freedom to their distinct personalities within the framework of their sound technique. And this is the most important thing in my opinion—far more important than the mere tag of "English" to any particular mannerism.

Which brings me to another point—the vexed question of ballet training. A great deal could be said about ballet schools, and the method of choosing candidates for training. There is always a danger of enthusiasm running away with sound judgment, and so much glamour attaches to the ballet profession nowadays that a teacher needs exceptional integrity and the ability occasionally to say "NO." I can quite understand a wealthy pupil being accepted now and then with no hope of her ever finding a career on the stage, because the fees she is able to pay will probably enable a more gifted but poorer pupil to be taken on at less expense. The finances of non-subsidised schools have to be balanced with extreme care, and of course no ballet training is ever entirely wasted, even if a stage career does not result. But this does and should not apply to the subsidised establishments. Merely to pander to a girl's vanity and allow her to embark on expensive training without any hope of turning it to professional advantage is in my opinion, unethical if not downright dishonest.

The whole question of the subsidised ballet school is being very hotly discussed in professional circles and, thanks to an unfortunate psychological error of judgment, the talk is no longer a domestic matter confined to our own country, but has caused more than a ripple abroad. More's the pity. We are not in a very strong position to boast about an "English" style while this is going on. Meanwhile, it remains for the hard-working, unsubsidised ventures like London's

(*contd on next page at foot col. 1*)

Above: *Serge Lifar and Anton Dolin seen backstage in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées during an interval in* Giselle. *Reporting Festival Ballet's season in Paris in our July issue, Ferdinand Reyna said "Anton Dolin's company has truly captured Paris."*

Photo: Pierre Vato, Paris.

BACKSTAGE

THE last weeks in August will see an astonishing array of dance talent in London. The Royal Ballet at the Opera House will be completing its last season before leaving for a five months' tour of the U.S.A. and Canada; Festival Ballet's season will still be in full swing at Festival Hall, Ximenes and Vargas and their Spanish Ballet Company will be at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and Pilar Lopez and her Ballet Español will commence their fourth London season at the Palace Theatre.

Then in early September the famous José Limon and his American Dance Company will take over at Sadler's Wells Theatre and The Bulgarian State Company pays a return visit to the Royal Festival Hall for a week commencing 9th September.

One can only hope that some enterprising impresarios will remember that after all this excitement the dance public will have a long time to wait before the Royal Ballet returns from its tour, Festival Ballet will be sadly missed when it leaves London in September, and that Ballet Rambert will be in China. It is true that we have been promised some Christmas performances both by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet at the Royal Opera House, and Festival Ballet at Festival Hall, but Christmas can seem a long way off in September.

ANTON DOLIN—*continued from prev. page*

Festival Ballet to keep up the prestige of British ballet wherever it appears.

To date London's Festival Ballet has no school of dancing. During the eight years of our existence we have drawn from the many fine schools that exist in this country, and when it has been possible to bring to the company a young foreign dancer of talent, that I feel should be taught, fostered and given the experience of my many years in the art of ballet, we have never been and do not intend to be a "closed shop" to the "English style."

Within the limitations of my capacity as artistic director, I have endeavoured to develop individuality and personality without which the technique of the dance becomes dull and lifeless.

Whether or not my methods have been successful, it is not for me, perhaps, to say, but during the last many months we, Dr. Braunsweg and myself, who have had the worries of this tremendous artistic and business organisation, have read with satisfaction the acclaim bestowed upon our stars, soloists and corps de ballet in many parts of the world.

Ximenes and Vargas are no newcomers to the London stage, since for many years they were the two leading male dancers with Pilar Lopez, but this season will mark their Company's first appearance on the London stage, although in April 1956 they visited London to present a programme on BBC Television. Their programmes will include classical boleros, folk dances and dramatic suites from the Basque country, Andalusia and Mexico. The Company consists of ten dancers, led by Ximenes and Vargas, and they will be accompanied by flamenco singers Fina Vivo and Manolo Leiva, guitarist Emilio Bonet, and Ramon Jimenez and Virgilio Manuel at the two pianos.

Pilar Lopez will be bringing many new and unknown (to London) Spanish dancers, singers and musicians in a new repertoire, for four weeks, and the Company will then go on to Paris for an eight week season.

José Limon and his American Dance Company will be seen for the first time in London. The Company is touring with the co-operation of President Eisenhower's special International Programme for Cultural Exchange and the American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA).

Limon, a leading exponent of the modern dance movement in the United States will be accompanied by his wife, Pauline Lawrence, who is the Company's business manager and costume designer, and a company of twenty-one, including Doris Humphrey, Limon's first teacher and now artistic director and choreographer. The Company will perform four different programmes during their season, consisting of twelve to fifteen dances with music by contemporary American, British, South African and South American composers, as well as Purcell and Vivaldi. The dances were created by José Limon and Doris Humphrey.

BALLET RAMBERT

Ballet Rambert gave their first-ever press conference in this country on 29th July, when plans for their tour of China were given out. The Company leaves for China on August 30th, flying to Moscow, where one night will be spent; and thence by jêt plane to Peking, where the Company opens three days after arrival. The tour will last two months, and take in five or six cities from Peking to Shanghai. Thus Ballet Rambert will be continuing its pioneering work, being the first British Ballet Company to visit China, in fact very few artists from the Western world have been there, although of course, they have seen many Russian dancers. About thirty members of the Company will be going, amongst them Ann Horn, Patricia Dyer, Gillian Martlew, Norman Dixon, John Chesworth and Ian Metsie. The Company is taking only its own conductor and pianist, the orchestra will be composed entirely of Chinese musicians, trained in the western style of playing. All the scenery has been made up in to miniature sets, and is being copied in China. The tour has been made possible, and guaranteed, by the Chinese Association for Cultural Relations with other Countries.

At the same Conference Madame Rambert made a further appeal for donations towards the recently created Endowment Fund. Thanks to the generosity of many people, some of whom made immediate gifts of money which could be used right away, the Ballet Rambert has been saved from extinction, but much more is needed to make their future secure, and the Fund remains open. Courtaulds made a most practical gift of material for new costumes for the Company's two week season in London, and also some material for members of the company to have made up as cocktail dresses to wear on tour.

Madame Rambert was decorated with the Legion d'Honneur by the French Minister, Le Baron de Juniac, at a party in the Theatre after the first night of the Gala Season. She has of course already received the O.B.E. for her services to British ballet.

Progress in Turkey

Impresario John Keet, just back from Turkey, tells me he is very impressed with the progress Molly Lake and Travis Kemp have made with their students from the Conservatoire during the two years they have been in charge of its Ballet section for the Turkish Government. He also saw a class in Beatrice Appleyard's studios, which is now a full time job for Beatrice and two assistants, one of them, Shirley Pain of Brentwood whom he last met at the Legat School three years ago, has developed into a very good teacher . . .

Coupled with the fact that this is our combined Summer issue, so many events of interest occurred during the normally quiet months of July and August, that I have had to carry forward several items of news and in some cases delete entirely some of the regular features. These will be restored next month.

EDITOR.

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

General Manager : T. E. Bean

Return visit of the superb

BULGARIAN STATE COMPANY

100 artists in programmes of

MUSIC, SONG AND DANCE

from

BULGARIA

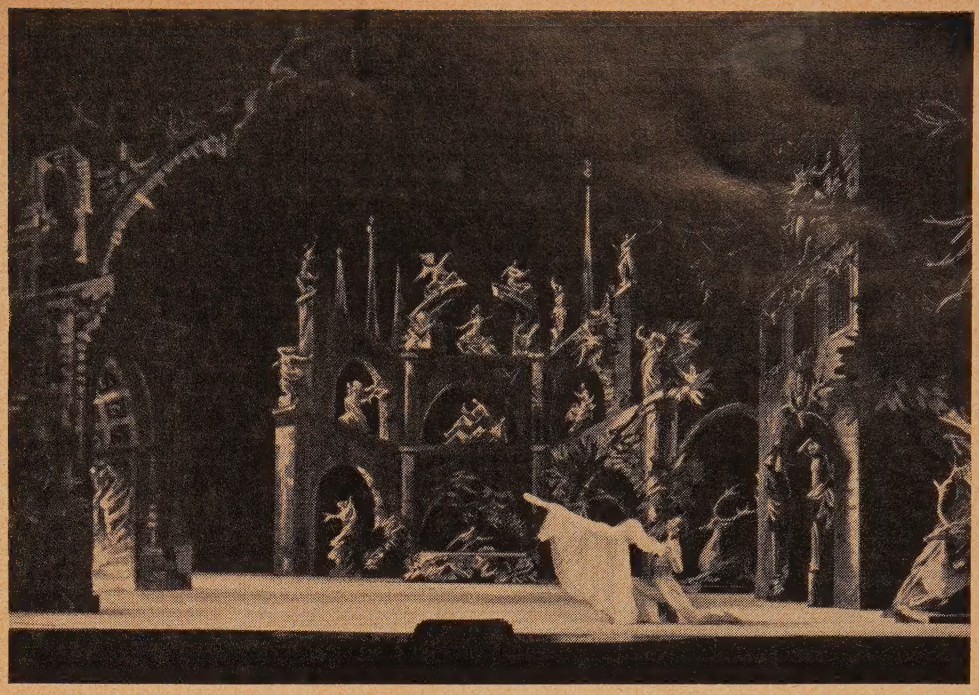
". . . One of the most brilliant and . . . happiest entertainments . . . singers and dancers alike seemed to love every moment of the performance . . . "—Daily Express

Monday to Saturday 9–14 September at 8 p.m.
Matinée Saturday 14 September at 2.30 p.m.
Sunday 15 September at 7.30 p.m.—Concert performance

Tickets : 15/– 12/6 10/– 7/6 5/– from Royal Festival Hall Box Office (WATerloo 3191) and agents

News from the World

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL



André Delfau's brilliant decor for Balanchine's Night Shadow *by the Royal Danish Ballet*
Photo: Mydtskov

"DANCING is an art which presupposes vocation, knowledge and ability. It is a beautiful art, as it strives for the ideal not only in movement, but in its lyrical and dramatic aspects". So wrote the great Danish ballet master, August Bournonville, virtually the founder of modern Danish ballet. He demanded, too, that his dancers should always strive to express genuine joie-de-vivre.

It is this characteristic that visitors to the annual Danish Ballet and Music festival feel most strongly. Crossing from England by the most elegant and comfortable continental ships, the Crown Prince Frederick or Crown Princess Ingrid, one steps straight into the gaiety and friendliness of the Danish way of life.

This year the festival was especially interesting to British visitors not only on account of the State Visit by the Queen and Prince Philip which occurred during the first week, but also since we saw their production—first staged in March—of Tjajkofsky's *The Sleeping Beauty* (I like the Danish-Russian!). Petipa's choreography was specially adapted for the Danish dancers by Dame Ninette de Valois assisted by Peggy van Praagh. The décor which was uneven, and best for the first act showing distant avenues of steps separated by a waterfall leading to the castle, was by André Delfau.

Two performances were given during the festival. Henning Kronstam, their elegantly poetic leading dancer was partnering, firstly Kirsten Simone and, on the final evening, Margrethe Schanne who was less at ease technically but compensated largely by admirably musical dancing and some fine legato sequences. Kirsten Simone's study was not, I felt, yet fully formed. The waltz was beautifully executed by young members of the company, and on each occasion a newly-fledged bluebird, Niels Kehlet, showed exceptional ability for a 16-year-old dancer. Henning Kronstam danced the solos better than the pas-de-deux; in fact since Erik Bruhn's departure, the company has not yet found an ideal danseur noble. The orchestral playing was poor at the second performance directed by Henrik Sachsenskjold.

The Royal Danish Theatre is regal in more than name, since King Frederick attends performances frequently. (He is an accomplished amateur conductor, and at the opening concert I noticed him following Beethoven's 9th symphony in the score.) He chose the programme, I am told, for the Royal Gala given during the State Visit before an invited audience in the theatre beautifully decorated in the Danish colours with red and white carnations, lilac and lilies. It began with the first act of Bournonville's formal ballet *The Conservatory*, which is historically interesting. Then came one of the two performances of Balanchine's ballet *Night Shadow*, given during the festival.

Once again it proved the finest work staged. The absolute unity between André Delfau's décor—much finer than that he designed for *The Sleeping Beauty*—Bellini's charming music, and Balanchine's inventive choreography display the composite art of ballet at its best, as danced by the Danes. (In Denmark, satires at royalty are enjoyed, and the King's unfortunate bout of lumbago was lampooned in a revue. When the jester in *Night Shadow* was also stricken before our eyes, hearty laughter followed.) Margrethe Schanne and Kronstam take their finest roles in this ballet, and her entry after candlelight has been seen high in the eerie mansion, descending, is one of the finest I recall. The sleep-walking pas-de-deux was executed as brilliantly as it is contrived. She floated, drifted, eluding always the saddened poet. The Royal Gala ended with the last act of *Napoli* which is rather too riotous when danced alone.

Frederick Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet* was given a single performance with the same dancers, Kronstam and Mona Vangsaa, whom I reviewed last year. Having seen Ulanova dancing the Bolshoi version between, I found the renewed comparison interesting; briefly, Ashton's version seems to score heavily from the point of view of abstract dance, whereas the Bolshoi crowd and banquet scenes were, of course, unsurpassed. Niels Bjørn Larsen—Madge, now that the famous character dancer, Gerda Karstens has retired from *La Sylphide*—played Tybalt and gave a terrifying death fall, by accident, when he fell head first over the balcony. In fact he injured only a thumb. Stanley Williams (Mercutio) seemed to have improved greatly this year in most parts he undertook.

All companies present as much of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* as they dare, it seems, in versions to suit their taste. Last month the new ballet master, Frank Schaufuss, presented the second act with the pas-de-trois from the first incorporated. It was repeated during the festival which, in fact, aims at showing visitors a cross-section of the previous winter ballet season. Mona Vangsaa danced Odette, with Kronstam as Prince Siegfried but there was little to commend the presentation.

Schaufuss's *Idolon* to Tchaikovsky's serenade for strings I used to enjoy, but it is not now included. Instead, the company presented Balanchine's version, *Serenade*, which they first danced only last January. The performance was proficient, but still requires more practice in the subsidiary parts. His *Apollon Musagetes* was also a new production from January, danced to the famous Stravinsky score, and staged this time as an abstract ballet danced against a plain blue backcloth and a set of steps, on which Leto gives birth to Apollon, and up which the final tableau ascends. (Terpsichore, figured among the characters depicted on the beautiful ceiling of the Royal Theatre, was danced by Mette Mollerup. Kronstam appeared as Apollon: clearly the ballet schedules would be difficult to maintain without this very gifted dancer.)

Bournonville's two-act ballet *Kermesse in Bruges* was new to most visitors and proved enjoyable within his strict forms—in places the humour was wild and hilarious. *La Ventana*, which includes a very clever and exacting mirror dance, and the well-known pas-de-deux from *Floral fête at Genzano* were also well presented.

Over the stage of the Royal Theatre is inscribed the perfect theatrical motto: "Not only for pleasure". That is as it should be. Visitors to the festival—which will be held again next year between the same dates on an extended scale—find "pleasure" in plenty, but also see in the outcome of a great balletic tradition the value of such schooling as has long been practised there. In *The Sleeping Beauty*, *La Sylphide* and *Graduation Ball* some very young members of the company are allowed to get their sea-legs, and I noticed several dancing with confidence and pride.

FOUR WEEKS
Commencing 12th August
The world famous
BALLET ESPANOL
PILAR LOPEZ
COMPANY OF 30 AND ORCHESTRA
AT THE
PALACE THEATRE

The *Coppelia* performance I attended had a "second" cast consisting of Ruth Andersen as Swanilda—Inge Sand really owns the part—and her husband Verner as Frantz. Stanley Williams's miming was scarcely good enough as Dr. Coppelius. In Denmark the ballet was preceded by two others since, I understand, Danes are slow to patronise an evening consisting of only one work—this has affected the sales for *Romeo and Juliet* apparently, which should play to full houses. *Fanfare*, the ballet by Jerome Robbins—also reviewed last year—opened the festival suitably enough. In a close schedule of ballet and music—there was no opera apart from *Joan of Arc at the stake* by Honegger—I was unable to see *Les Sylphides*, *Pas de Quatre*, and Ole Hansen's ballet *Myth*. Børge Ralov gave his farewell performance, in *Night Shadow*, during the festival causing the Danish slow clapping to ensue throughout one interval, since he was not permitted to take a solo call until changed. Normally no curtain calls are permitted, but during the festival the cast is allowed one as a whole for each ballet.

GERARD BOURKE

FRANCE

As every year, the Casino at Enghien, near Paris, devoted two evenings, May 31, and June 1, to ballet—but they were not very convincing evenings despite the stars who were invited. A piece by Serge Lifar entitled *Hamlet*, to music by J. Delannoy was presented. Nina Vyroubova danced the rôle of Hamlet. This ballet seemed very thin. Two works by Dick Sanders were included. A divertissement to music by J. Ibert in a modern style which reminded one of the works of Ross, Roland Petit and Robbins and *L'Emprise* a fine pas-de-deux with an expressionist basis to music by G. Delerue and danced by Claire Sombert. *L'Indécise* by Serge Lifar and Nepo to music by Boieldieu was presented. It is an insignificant subject but the ballet was given a certain distinction by Yvette Chauviré and her two partners, Kalioujny and Algaroff.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

JOHN KEET
is interested in interviewing at any time dancers for his modern ballet groups appearing overseas.
Call, write or phone: **JOHN KEET, Faraday House, 8-10 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.**
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 0495

Jean Babilée presented *La Boucle* (music by J. M. Damase) in which a young "speaker d'auditorium" takes a journey beyond the screen and himself plays the part of a Dandy complete with top hat who comes into conflict with a young beauty of publicity films, a vamp of silent films and a star of the talkies. At the end, the speaker awakened from his dream goes off to take up his work again. The music by J. M. Damase was charming but the decors by Michel Drach were curious. The choreography is new and full of invention. It has humour, poetry and the unexpected. Of special note is a dizzy variation which Jean Babilée performed in a lightning manner. *La Boucle* proves that Jean Babilée, despite his rare appearances remains one of the most interesting figures in contemporary ballet.

Exactly ten years after their first appearance in Paris on the popular stage at the Alhambra, the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas has come back again to the same theatre.

The company has entirely renewed its corps de ballet and the number of stars has been increased. With Rosella Hightower, Serge Golovine, Wladimir Skouratoff, Genia Melikowa, Jacqueline Moreau, Andrea Karlsen, Georges Zorich and Ana Ricarda, the Marquis has engaged, Nina Vyroubova, Nathalie Krassowska, Nicholas Polajenko, Wasil Tupin, and Paul Grinwis. Nicholas Beriosof is maître de ballet and Maria Ruanova dancing mistress.

Among the works presented in Paris were the following: *Corrida* (theme and choreography by David Lichine, very beautiful decors and costumes by the painter Capuletti, music by Scarlatti), the dramatic action of which is played out in bullfighting circles. *Corrida* was danced by Rosella Hightower and Paul Grinwis. *Fiesta*, to music by Morton Gould, choreography by Enrique Martinez and costumes by A. Levasseur, is a themeless ballet danced to South American rhythms. *Le Pont* (music by Franklin Marks, choreography by James Starbuck, decors and costumes by Jean Robier) is a fast moving drama which can be summarised as follows:—two lovers save the life of a young girl who wanted to drown herself. She regains her will to live and falls in love with the young man and it is the other girl who then wants to take her life. This ballet was very brilliantly danced by Rosella Hightower, Andréa Karlsen and Wladimir Skouratoff.

Pastorale a divertissement in the style of Louis XV, to music by François Couperin, choreography by Georges Skibine, decors and costumes by A. Delfau was danced by Jacqueline Moreau and Serge Golovine. Finally there was *Perlimpinade* a ballet by Xavier Coll who also designed the decors and costumes, choreography by W. Skouratoff and music by Monpou and Montsalvatge in which the danced part is interesting, but not so the subject and the ensemble. Here again is a Spanish story in which a not-too-young caballero jealous of his young wife, tries to surprise her disguised as a young man. He succeeds too well and jealous of the person he himself has created he kills himself.

If these works are not on the whole sensational, the Grand Ballet had its usual success with *Pièges de Lumière*, *Le Prisonnier du Caucase* and above all with *Giselle* and the fine pas-de-deux danced by Rosella Hightower and Serge Golovine who are more powerful and dazzling than ever. Vyroubova had great success with her romantic interpretation of Giselle but the public seemed to prefer Rosella Hightower in this rôle.

The Company finished its season at the Alhambra on June 25. Two new creations brought a renewal of interest to the close of the season. The first *Soirée Musicale* is a pas-de-deux by John Taras to music by Rossini arranged by Benjamin Britten with very beautiful costumes by André Levasseur. John Taras has not amassed technical difficulties just for the sake of doing so, and *Soirée Musicale* whilst being of the "haute école" is not an exhibition of pure virtuosity. Rosella Hightower and Nicholas Polajenko carried off this bravura piece in a dazzling fashion.

On the other hand, opinions were divided on the subject of the ballet in Chinese style of the Tang epoch by Ana Ricarda called *La Chanson de l'Eternelle Tristesse*. However, even if this ballet is debatable choreographically speaking, the whole ensemble has a certain distinction that holds the attention and cannot leave one indifferent.

FERDINAND REYNA.

VIENNA

NOT given in Vienna since 1942, *Juan of Zarissa*, Werner Egk's masterpiece, based generally on the theme of Don Juan, has now been revived with inspired choreography by Erika Hanka. What makes this work of supreme interest to the student of the theatre is the engendering of an entirely different mood to that of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

Werner Egk, the composer, who originally devised *Juan of Zarissa*, strikes throughout a much more sinister note than that of its prototype. The mood is more akin to the famous *Rataplan* scene given in the first Chauve Souris production in 1918, and this *genre* is emphasised by the lovely *a cappella* singing of some of the sombre ballades by Charles d'Orleans. These are given by a hidden choir between each scene and maintain continuity in much the same way as the ritornelli in *Othello*, about which I have written in a previous issue.

VIENNA—*(contd.)*

The actual story is completely different from that of *Don Juan*. Here Juan of Zarissa, after stealing the affections of Isabeau, kills her husband, the Duke, makes Isabeau his own and then abandons her for a young actress, Florence, who attracts his attentions during a performance. Driven from the court by the heartbroken Isabeau, Juan squanders everything to the promiscuous court jester and finally after a drinking bout loses Florence to him also in a game of dice. Florence stabs herself rather than submit to the jester's advances.

An epilogue shows a vision to Juan of his incontinence and folly. Then the sword of fate in the hands of the Duke's ghost descends on him and slays him. The jester returns and dons Juan's accoutrements. Perhaps he, too, will become a man gallant and armed. Who knows?

The supreme episode in this ballet occurs in the oratory when Isabeau (Edeltraut Brexner) comes to mourn for her dead husband. The atmosphere here tends towards that of the gloomy Spanish court of the XVIth century. After dismissing her attendants Brexner gives in a long unsupported pas seul the most harrowing portrayal of Isabeau's grief and remorse. A beautiful flute solo accompanies this dance against the lamentation theme given out by muted strings. But this mood of penitence is short lived. Juan, danced with incomparable hauteur and grace by Willy Dirtl, enters brusquely, and by force of personality compels Isabeau to discard her mourning robe and sorrowful mien, and respond to his passion. She does so, albeit unwillingly at first, and the pas de deux between them, beginning on a note of great dignity, becomes passionate beyond bounds towards the end. A special feature of this scene is the wonderful lighting effect at the beginning when a stained glass window is very gradually illuminated within its Gothic frame.

Richard Adama as the jester dances a fantastic pas seul before the court in the first scene during which, by means of beautifully timed ronde de jamb double en l'air—incidentally very rarely seen "en l'air"—he displays his tricky personality and his power of taking people unawares. The jester's impertinence and lack of constraint before his betters, is well illustrated by a second short pas de deux which he dances with Perette, a lively kitchen wench, danced with superb vigour and aplomb by Dietlinde Klemisch.

Christl Zimmerl as Florence displays great beauty of line and produces lovely soft flowing movements. Her facial expression, however, needs varying. There should be more allure, more abandon, when she dances with Juan.

Richard Novotny dances cleverly as the ogre in the scene given before the court, and Heinz Weitz as the young knight who kills him makes a good contrast.

At the beginning of the Ballet the licentious custom of the period is shown in dance by semi-nude Moorish captives led by Erika Zlocha as the most beautiful of them. The choreography here, although based on academic technique, affords a striking contrast to the very dignified ensembles that follow later.

Georges Wakhewitsch's lovely permanent set, with gothic arches and raised levels, sets the mood to perfection. His costumes, some of which are of a later period than the XVth century, are well contrasted —red and black predominating.

Heinrich Hollreiser conducted the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and obtained such playing as must have well satisfied the composer.

Hotel Sacher—a production and choreography by Erika Hanka is of one of the most delightful bagatelles ever conceived! There can be no doubt of it, and I foresee an international success for this ballet comparable to that of *Boutique Fantasque*.

Alas for those of us who remember the carefree years prior to August, 1914, there is, as we watch this dream reincarnation of Vienna, a yearning nostalgia for a past which can never return. Days when instead of mass production, one saw individualism at its best, and there was time and money enough to watch the pageant at one's ease.

Taking perhaps the most famous hotel in Europe as the background Erika Hanka presents certain well-known Viennese types of approximately 1905 vintage; then, by means of a simple story, lets them portray all the chic, élan, and warmth of feeling that have characterised Vienna since time immemorial.

Frau Sacher (Mady Weiss) smoking a cigarette instead of the famous cigar, inspects her staff and then welcomes her guests with complete unconcern. After a number of well-known eccentrics of the time have been got rid of by the maître d'hôtel (Willy Dirtl) the lovely Diva "Della Stella" (Edeltraut Brexner) complete with sister, luggage, parcel, lorgnette, and dog, takes the stage. She has been preceded by Lieutenant von Sandor (Richard Adama) representing, with his three brother-officers, the Austrian cavalry at its most light-hearted and dashing. The lieutenant promptly falls for the Diva, who presently retires when Sandor becomes a trifle too pressing with his attentions.

The scene changes to the street outside the hotel.

It is evening, and a little flower seller (Erika Zlocha) stands beneath a lamp-post offering her violets. The maître d'hôtel enters. He is her sweetheart but she keeps him on rather a tight rein at first, just to keep him on tenterhooks. Presently they run off happily together. Some students appear and other girls, all armed with autograph books for the Diva's signature. She enters with her sister (Lucia Brauer) and a

Edeltraut Brexner and Richard Adama in Hotel Sacher
Photo: Franz Hausmann

charmingly tender interlude follows when the best looking student (Karl Musil) shows that he has fallen hopelessly in love. But it begins to rain; the throng disperses, and presently the little flower-seller returns and resumes her post.

Back in the Diva's suite, Lieutenant Sandor, assisted by the maître d'hotel and two incredibly light-footed waiters, plans a tête-à-tête champagne supper on an appropriate scale. A pearl necklance is concealed beneath the Diva's napkin, the maître dismisses the waiters and wishes the Lieutenant good luck. The Diva enters, again utterly ravishing in pink and black, and all goes well until the sister suddenly butts in at a most untimely moment. An embarrassed trio proceed to sample the champagne. The romance ruined the sisters leave in a huff, while Sandor consoles himself with the bottle. The little flower-seller now comes in and so intrigues the officer that he gives her the pearl necklace in exchange for her flowers. They decide to visit the famous fair in the Prater and are just leaving when the maître d'hôtel discovers them. Beside himself with rage he orders his underlings to accompany him to the park and help recover his girl.

The students and their girls have gone to the merry-go-round "Kalafati", famous in bygone days, and they are joined by the flower-seller and Sandor. Unfortunately the swirling horses are too much for her and she is scarcely recovered when the maître d'hôtel and his braves rush in fiercely. A terrific encounter, consisting of a duel in tours en l'air and grandes pirouettes à la seconde, terminates when Sandor perceives how very much in love the maître d'hôtel is. The flower-seller hands back the necklace, and he retires gracefully with an amazing backward leap into the wings.

Most of the characters re-appear in the Grand Reception Room, the Diva's sister, the complete femme du monde, dances with her admirers and graciously accepts a bracelet from the Minister (Carl Raimund). A reconciliation between the Diva and Sandor takes the form of a superb pas de deux danced to the fiery music of the czardas, and the final ensemble finishes in a riot of colour. Frau Sacher reappears and very casually, puffing at her cigarette, indicates the scene to the audience. About 20 curtain calls were taken.

These four young artists creating the roles that make Hotel Sacher the success it is are unforgettable. Brexner so elegant and assured in every pas and turn; Zlocha, with her wistful little face and with such effortless movement that she appears always completely relaxed; Dirtl and Adama with their wonderful leaps and splendid acting, to say nothing of their grace and charm. And the lesser characters were equally well portrayed. The enchanting decors and costumes were by Georges Wakhewitsch, and the music originally written by Josef Hellmesberger was brilliantly arranged and scored by Max Schoenherr. The orchestra was conducted by Michael Gielen.

ROBERT PATERSON

(**News of the World**—*contd on page 19*)

THE REMINISCENCES OF BORIS KNIASEFF

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OLGA SPESSIVTSEVA (Part Two)

OLGA SPESSIVTSEVA avoided publicity, and shrank from it. When she learnt that she was being written about in papers or reviews, she would say wearily, "Why must they do it? Is it really necessary?"

The old debate on the subject of who was the greater, Anna Pavlova or Olga Spessivtseva, has remained unanswered for the contemporary ballet world. Many voted for Pavlova, but as many maintained that Spessivtseva was the greater. Each of these great danseuse possessed subtleties in their performances which the other one did not have. Spessivtseva herself said that she could never dance *The Dying Swan* as Pavlova did. On the other hand, Spessivtseva's interpretation of *Giselle* was clearly finer than that given by Pavlova. When I am asked who in my opinion was the greater I always have great difficulty in replying. It is not that I am in any doubt as to my answer. On many counts, I would give my vote for Spessivtseva. However, I do not always say this because is it not natural that someone might have the idea that I was doing so for personal reasons? At all events, I made my choice completely independently of the personal tie which bound me to Spessivtseva.

In any case, Tchelseti confirms my own opinion when he relates what Diaghilev said on the subject—"Pavlova and Spessivtseva are the two sides of one apple, but Spessivtseva is the side turned to the sun."

Spessivtseva herself, with her usual modesty, was always very irritated when the question was brought up in her presence. Rivalry, envy and theatrical vanity were ideas completely foreign to her. "Ah, if only I could dance like Pavlova", she would say when the conversation turned to the great danseuse.

I remember one occasion when I accompanied Spessivtseva to a rehearsal. Pavlova was dancing. It was a prolonged rehearsal and we stayed right to the end. Spessivtseva kept her eyes on Pavlova all the time. I watched her expression and saw nothing but the warmest enthusiasm. As she left, Pavlova came up to Spessivtseva, embraced her and said, "My dear, how amazing you are, I can now die contented, classical dancing will revive with you, look after it carefully." I do not remember what Spessivtseva replied exactly. I just remember that they embraced and cried together. I could scarcely keep back my own tears.

One could write volumes on the subject of Spessivtseva's technique, each of which could prove of the greatest value to those preparing to tread the thorny path in the service of Terpsichore. It would be necessary to examine under a magnifying glass each of her positions and record them forever as the eighth wonder of celestial sculpture. But, as I have already said, her technique was not mechanical as it is with many great danseuses. Spessivtseva's technique was born of the soul and it was this above all which made an unforgettable impression on those who saw her. Her technique and her artistic power had reached such a pitch of perfection that her soul was diffused throughout her entire body. In so far as one was conscious of it at all, one did not only feel that Spessivtseva had a soul, it was much more than that. One felt that her soul was present in every gesture, in every movement, in her hand, in her muscles. The body was so closely united to her soul that they were indistinguishable. That is dancing—that was also Spessivtseva.

She learnt technique at school. Her soul she received from God. Only a faultless technique, united to a remarkable soul gives that harmony which allows artists possessing it to create an indelible impression on those who see them—be it only once.

To those able to appreciate beauty, Spessivtseva gave much. All those who understood the art, gave homage to her technique and to the images created by her on the stage. But how few people had the opportunity of looking at the soul of this remarkable woman and of happily tasting the subtle charm that radiated from her.

I was one of those and I would not forgive myself if in speaking of her, I did not write about that little-known and marvellous aspect of her profile. This might sound strange but Spessivtseva reminds me of Tourgueviev. It is not only because both of them spent most of their life abroad and although outwardly they became strangers they remained in their innermost being profoundly Russian, but also because she seemed to think and speak in the terms and expressions of Tourgueviev. She was Russian in all senses of the word—but a Russian not of our century but of another altogether different—perhaps that of Tourgueviev. Then again perhaps she belonged to an even more distant epoch.

On feast-days, when it was the custom to look into the future, she would join in without however believing in fortune-telling. On the night of Ivan Koupal, she used to gather ferns. She loved winter, the snow and Christmas with its Christmas tree.

Nature in Europe oppressed her and she longed for the Russian countryside. From a village in central France she wrote to me: "I went out into the fields and walked among the rye, but here it is short and sparse, different from ours in Russia. The soil too, however similar is strange, and has no scent. The cornflowers are not the same. They are not vivid but pale. However, I collect bunches of them and hum a Russian song that my mother used to love singing. The only thing is that she sang well whilst I, as you know, have no voice."

She was Russian through and through. Her innermost dream was to create ballets based on Russian folk-tales with all their authentic grandeur. She spoke of this often. For this work, she wanted to appeal to the best artists to create the costumes and the decors, and to tempt the best composers so as to rescue from oblivion and transpose on to the stage the wonderful world of Russian folk-tales, a world to which she was more closely allied than to the atmosphere which surrounded her.

But these dreams remained unrealised. How could one realise them in the Paris of our day, when jazz resounded triumphantly and the people with fearful trembling foundered helplessly before the monstrous fantasies of futuristic and cubist art. In that world there was no place for the Firebird nor the Grey Wolf and without doubt they would have been far from happy in it. There was no place in such a world for Spessivtseva's dreams. Her love for all that was Russian and her devotion to art, those were the distinctive traits of her character. I remember she used to say, "When a Russian woman loves, she has compassion, but when an artist loves art, he suffers." This was not just an abstract phrase. Each of those words had for a long time been felt painfully and deeply.

Although the spiritual side of Spessivtseva was apparent to almost all who knew her, those who met her could not escape from her silent charm. I remember a letter from maître de ballet Galizovski, "I would have flown to you, my goddess, on a flying carpet but unfortunately in our age there are no flying carpets. I would so much like to see once again your incomparable dancing feet and look once more into your eyes, as large as holy lamps and full of that sadness born of art."

Someone said that according to a famous orchestra leader, Spessivtseva was not very musical. I spoke of this to her. She was not very surprised and said, "It is quite possible that this orchestra leader is right. It is possible that at times I do not keep strict time. This is because he follows the score exactly whilst I see before me an image that I am trying to create. When I think I have succeeded, I forget everything. At that moment also I hear music. It is the music of my soul. It is not in the score and the leader does not know it. Yes, he is right."

Spessivtseva worked hard. She worked in the morning from nine to midday. In the afternoon, she rehearsed from two to five and even six in the evening. On the nights of performances she also worked in the evening before the performances themselves. In this, she might well be the model for all present-day ballerinas who rest on their laurels after their first successes and think that the stars of the ballet need have no further concern with the studio. There were many who held this view at that time also. Spessivtseva used to say, "To dance twenty years, one must work twenty years. They work only three or four years. They will dance still less than that. Why does someone not explain this to them? It is true I have tried to explain to them but they do not understand or do not want to understand. . . ."

Spessivtseva had very little time for relaxation. She always spent the time she had either reading or visiting museums and exhibitions. She liked museums very much. She often spent hours on end in them. She preferred antiquity and studied the period as a zealous student with the enthusiasm of an adolescent. This love of hers for museums has always seemed to me perfectly natural. She was herself in my eyes a sort of museum treasure—a treasure of a past age.

We went together to an exhibition by a futurist artist well-known throughout the world. Spessivtseva was horrified at the pictures on show. Going from one to the other she was silent and shook her head sadly. She stood for an especially long time in front of one of them representing a monstrous child with three eyes, four ears and absolutely no nose at all. She shook her head. Then she said, "But if this artist had such a monster for a child, would he have boasted of the fact before the whole world or would he have hidden it? Of course he would have done the latter. Then why does he take credit for these pictures? They are also his children. They are even nearer to him than natural children for they are the children of his soul . . ." She never went to futurist exhibitions again. She was always very reserved and as if wrapped up in herself. She was very pleasant with her guests and in her way enjoyed their company but she rarely joined in the conversation. More than anything else she detested political discussions which often slipped into even artistic salons. This side of life did not interest her at all.

"How", she used to say, "can artists take an interest in politics? Politics begin with the eyes and end with them, but art comes from God and returns from us to Him."

Part one was published in our July issue. The final chapter will be published in our October issue.

LONDON BALLET MONTH

By

A. V. COTON

ALMOST at the end of the big company's season at Covent Garden, the remaining other companies in Great Britain started their series of appearances in what might be called the "little summer ballet season." As though in some cleverly planned way, each of them appeared in central London, practically treading on the others' heels, during the six weeks between mid June and the end of July. In turn The City Ballet, Western Theatre Ballet, Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, Festival and Rambert Companies, put on programmes in, or near, London; four of the five companies offering at least one new ballet or fresh revival. Each company had some impressive dancing to offer and all of them—during the performances I witnessed—played to extensive and highly enthusiastic audiences. If anyone ever believed that the only ballet that draws a big, consistent, passionate public is the one at Covent Garden, these recent weeks would have convinced him otherwise.

For reasons which are too complex to be analysed once again here, ballet followers have had to accept the fact that the economics of Ballet compel these smaller companies to create sensations fairly continuously in order to go on surviving. The sensations need not be epoch-making in their intensity, but these companies *have* to throw up new and interesting dancers, create new ballets, show programmes holding some excitement—otherwise they cannot generate enough genuine publicity to draw in enough of an audience to make their seasons successful. A rapid revision of programmes (and programme notes) from this period brings to mind these observations made at the time of the performances.

City Ballet (at King George's Hall, mid-June); a show of a few interesting ballets and dances, all by professional performers but lacking the air of a truly professional occasion. A good medium-weight piece by Michael Holmes revived (*Frolic*); two offerings by Philippe Perrottet, both largely saved from near-collapse by the dancing of Gillian Lynne. Smash-hit of the evening—a novelty by a newish choreographer (Meriel Evans) which displayed a real flair for creative dancing which had shape, style and meaning. This (*Black and White*) was an elaborate *pas-de-deux*, almost architected in the classical proportions of the Petipa era, showing that Miss Evans has the rarest of qualities among young choreographers of today, namely—imagination. The occasion was completely worthwhile, on the part of the promoters. The London Ballet Circle, for launching Miss Evans as a choreographer-with-a-difference. More please! everybody concerned.

Western Theatre Ballet started its first West Country tour at Dartington Hall, Devon, in late June; here the two impressive new works were Peter Darrell's *The Prisoners* and Elizabeth West's *Pulcinella*; the first a genuine, tight-knit, unusually arranged dance drama, the second a good-ish dance farce, missing perfection because of over-fussy miming most of which was beyond the reach of its performers. An impressive group of dancers, notably outstanding Suzanne Musitz (a dramatic dancer of the Nora Kaye *genre*), Anna Paskevska (with the looks and personality of a true Russian—which she is), and Barry Salt, a wiry athlete with, I suspect, the potential of a first-class dramatic dancer-mime.

What used to be the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet came home for its last fling before undergoing the process of merging with the Covent Garden Company which some people imagine is going to confer on it a new and separate personality. No new ballets, no new dancers; a very mixed standard of performance, often in ballets quite beyond the reach of the company as a whole. Anne Heaton's splendidly assured technical gifts are not wholly disciplined into her personality, so that in one performance she can alternate between the superb and the slovenly. Margaret Hill dancing with an elegance that few ballerinas anywhere in British Ballet command; Patricia Cox showing herself nearly the very best comedienne anywhere in Ballet since the War. Andrée Howard's little masterpiece *La Fete Etrange* worth seeing, but half its subtleties and atmospherics missing—the subject and its manner of interpretation being far too deep for the (professional) understanding of most of its cast.

Festival Ballet, after what was undoubtedly a phenomenally successful tour of half Europe, presented the first English production of Lichine's *Graduation Ball* together with *Etudes*; lucky company, that has two such different, so unfailingly exhibitionistic, so inevitably popular lightweight ballets in its repertoire. The first hasn't half as much subtlety (or maybe it was just lack of total dance-craftsmanship from many of its cast?) as any of the Danish or American versions seen here; but it is a fine comedy character ballet, very much flavoured

Belinda Wright and Keith Beckett in Festival Ballet's production of Graduation Ball. Photo: Mike Davis

with the idioms and ideologies of the old pre war De Basil Ballet (Why Covent Garden didn't want a production of this is a mystery; we have not nearly enough romantic-comedies of this *genre* in The Royal Ballet repertoire). *Etudes* could, I suppose, some day, be given an unluckily ragged performance, when it would be even more painful to watch than . . . well, let's not say just what ballet we have in mind; but here it is unfailingly danced all-out by a cast which seems cheerfully capable of accepting its gruelling challenge time after time. A few occasional incomplete steps, a little breaking of lines now and then don't matter very much when the "Top Team" of Toni Lander, John Gilpin and Flemming Flindt, are on stage. It continues to be an astonishing compilation of just about every trick, easy or difficult, that the dancer's craft embraces; here they are all put together in patterns and shapes that make it a dazzling exhibition of absolutely top-class virtuosity. Toni Lander's final performance of this, on August 3rd, showed her outdazzling her usually dazzling self, and Gilpin and Flindt couldn't—as they say—put a foot wrong anywhere.

Ballet Rambert, like all other good companies, has periods of being on top form and a form not quite so near the summit of possibility; this season it is in fine fettle; it has new ballets; it has some fascinating dancers, and its too short season has been a series of worthwhile and enjoyable performances, all with some impress of high quality of either choreography or dancing. Andrée Howard's *Conte Fantastique* has everything for a success of true quality—except length. No one castigates choreographers harder for using too much music than I do; too many bad ballets are bad because of overlength caused, generally, by using a score in excess of the ballet's atmospheric or dramatic needs. But André Caplet's competent but dimly impressive score lasts only 17 minutes, and this isn't enough time in which to develop the story of Poe's " Masque of the Red Death" far enough. We get the situation expounded, followed at once by the story's climax, then . . . Curtain. Nobody becomes a character and we have to be satisfied with some lovely and macabre moments of posing and dancing, and not much else. Within the too harsh limits she has set, Miss Howard gets her effects but they are not strong enough or long enough to add to a ballet that *must* hold a spot in the repertoire.

Violette Verdy, French guest star, has vivacity, charm, excellent technical ease both as dancer and mime; she gave a Swanilda of quite different dimensions that any other previously seen; she made something of the *femme fatale* in *Conte Fantastique*, and her *Giselle* had the uniqueness that is essential to make a performance worth watching. Patricia Dyer and Ann Horn danced more ecstatically than I remember before in a variety of roles; all-in-all, the company is in fine condition to perform its ambassadorial function in China next month. And, too, all-in-all, it's been a "little summer season" well worth watching.

Elaine Fifield

WHEN on June 3rd Elaine Fifield danced in the Nocturne and the Valse in *Les Sylphides*, very few people knew, certainly not the huge audience at the Royal Opera House, London, that this was to be her last performance with the Royal Ballet. No official statement has been issued, but Elaine has said that the reasons for leaving the Company are "purely domestic" and that she is returning to her native land, Australia. Elaine is married to John Lanchbery, Musical Director of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and they have a three-year-old daughter, and, it is stated, Elaine wishes the child to be brought up in Australia.

No future plans have been disclosed for Fifield's career as a dancer, and the decision is all the more surprising because she had already been billed to appear with the Royal Ballet at the commencement of their autumn tour when they open up at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Her many admirers will be sorry that they had no opportunity of witnessing a farewell performance, but they will I know join me in wishing her good fortune in her future life.

Fifield received her first lesson in ballet from the late Frances Scully in Sydney, and won a R.A.D. Scholarship in 1946 which enabled her to come to England where she at once enrolled in the Sadler's Wells School, and made the most of the opportunities this famous school gave her to get a fair amount of practical stage experience, appearing, like all the advanced students, in the regular repertoire.

Her first important part was the Polka in *Façade* in 1949. She remained with the Theatre company for six years, and has been dancing at Covent Garden since 1955.

She has accompanied the Sadler's Wells companies on all their tours, in 67 cities, visiting Canada, the U.S.A., South Africa, Germany, France and Holland.

Roles danced

At Covent Garden:

Pas de Six, Pas de Trois, Odette-Odile in	*Swan Lake*
The Polka in	*Façade*
Enchanted Garden Fairy, Princess Aurora in	*Sleeping Beauty*
Title role in	*Madame Chrysanthème*
Queen of the Air in	*Homage to the Queen*
The Yellow Girl in	*Ballet Imperial*
Swanilda in	*Coppelia*
Pas de deux, Mazurka, Valse in	*Les Sylphides*
The Ballerina in	*Petruschka*
The Summer variation in	*Cinderella*
Birthday Offering	
Variations on a theme of Purcell	
The Girl in	*Miraculous Mandarin*

With Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet:

The Bride in	*Blood Wedding*
Sirène in	*Isle des Sirènes*
Echo in	*Reflection*
Poll in	*Pineapple Poll*
Peasant pas de deux in	*Giselle*
Les Rendezvous	
Sugar Plum Fairy in	*Casse Noisette*
The Bride in	*Fête Etrange*
Columbine in	*Carnival*
Pastorale	
Valses Nobles et Sentimentales	

Photos:

Above: In *Madame Chrysanthème* (Baron).

Left: In *Miraculous Mandarin* (Mike Davis).

Right: In *Swan Lake* (Houston Rogers).

Anya Linden

ANYA LINDEN was born in a tiny village in Cheshire but at a very early age left with her parents for Russia. Here, of course, she learned to speak the language, but when the family migrated from Russia to the U.S.A. in the early 1930's, she completely forgot it and has recently started to learn Russian all over again.

In America she commenced dancing lessons at the age of seven with Dorothy Pring of Berkeley, California, who had been a pupil of Theodore Kosloff.

Anya joined Sadler's Wells Ballet School on her return to England after the War, and graduated from the school to her first role as Dawn in *Coppelia*. Since then she has been to many other countries on tour, visiting U.S.A., Portugal, Germany, Holland, France, Italy and Spain.

"I must say I enjoyed dancing in Italy most" says Anya, "not only because of the enthusiastic audiences, but I liked the general atmosphere, and the efficiency of the stage, but for downright enthusiasm American audiences are hard to beat. In my opinion however the English audiences are the best for fair discrimination."

Miss Linden has danced most frequently with David Blair, and says she has enjoyed doing so very much. If you ask her what is her main ambition she will reply "to dance better and better".

Nowadays Anya has her own flat in North London, but she makes no claim to being over-domesticated. Her early life when she had to fend for herself has left its mark, and she intensely dislikes housework.

There is very little leisure time for dancers, but when she is free Anya likes to draw and model in clay.

Roles Danced

Dawn and Swanilda in	*Coppelia*
Florestan's Sister, Blue Bird in	*Sleeping Beauty*
Pas de Trois in	*Swan Lake*
The White pas de deux in	*Les Patineurs*
Queen of the Wilis in	*Giselle*
Orange Girl in	*The Shadow*
The Waltz in	*Les Sylphides*
Summer Fairy in	*Cinderella*
Earth in	*Homage to the Queen*
Poor Girl in	*Noctambules*
Sylvia in	*Sylvia*
Princess Belle Rose, Pas de six, The Moon in	*Prince of the Pagodas*
Symphonic Variations.	
Ballerina in the purple dress in	*Birthday Offering*

Top left: As Queen of the Wilis in Giselle. *Photo: Mike Davis.*

Right: With Desmond Doyle in Les Patineurs. *Photo: Roger Wood.*

Top: In *Birthday Offering*. *Photo:* Houston Rogers.
Below: In *Coppelia*. *Photo:* Houston Rogers

As Princess Belle Rose in *The Prince of the Pagodas*
Photo: Tony Armstrong Jones

Our photograph shows Ulanova and her husband, Vadin Rindin, returning to their hotel in the Strand the morning after her triumphant first night at Covent Garden. The strain and fatigue show in her face, but London has taken her to its heart.

But there are lighter moments, and the ballerina is now beginning to relax. A trip down the Thames from Richmond to Hampton Court on the "Richmond Gem."

Sunday, October 28th

"For the first time in its history, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre broke its rule of not playing on Sundays and put on a special performance of *Othello* for the Russian dancers. Could there be a more convincing sign of the respect for the visitors from Moscow who had had the temerity to bring to Britain, to the land of Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* and to relate the tragedy in the language of dance?" . . . **Ulanova**.

Emlyn Williams kisses the hand of Ulanova at the reception held at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Stratford-on-Avon, after the special performance of Othello, *given in her honour.*

Photos: (1) Central Press; (2), (3), (4) Harry Fox.

And now, completely relaxed, Ulanova makes friends with a deer in Richmond Park.

Notes from **MY LONDON DIARY** *by* GALINA ULANOVA

The concluding Chapter in the ballerina's own account of the Bolshoi visit to London

Outside it was a wet foggy night, the pavements slushy, the air clammy—the classical London weather about which so much has been written in world literature. A queue had formed for standing room in the gallery on the following night. As we came in for the filming, we had seen those people waiting out there in the rain: not one of them abandoned his place. It wasn't pleasant to think about them getting soaked out there. Someone asked the management to let the whole queue in to the balcony while we were being filmed. Oh, how happy these people were! Not, of course, because they had a roof over their heads but because their ardent desire to see us dance had been fulfilled.

The chief ballet-master of the season Professor Leonid Lavrovsky said a few witty words to the effect that although he knew we were tired we had for practical interests to imagine that the sun was shining outside and that we had enjoyed a good night's sleep and had come to work refreshed . . .

We tried to "get into the part" of someone who felt refreshed, and the shooting started. The work went smoothly, only one scene—when Giselle goes mad—proving difficult. Perhaps it was because Lavrovsky was overtired and irritable or because we found it very difficult to dance after so many hours of night work, but I suddenly realised that I was not able to concentrate thoroughly and asked to be given full "freedom of action" on the stage, starting the filming of that scene all over again. By then it was eight in the morning . . .

So we began again. The moment the shooting was over, we went back to our hotels for a rest.

Could we have done all this incredible amount of work in one night if the English were less efficient and if the Russians had less staying-power? Of course not.

Saturday, October 27th.

This evening I danced Juliet for the last time in this London season. I feel quite incapable of describing the extraordinary wave of general sympathy, the enthusiasm of the audience, the kindness and attention of thousands of plain people, the touching farewell they gave us. If I live to be a hundred, I shall always remember the happiness I felt from knowing that my work has brought joy to people, that it is something necessary to them, that it is understandable to all, even to people of different languages, different outlooks on life. They understand me and my mute art. And what a joy it is to serve that art, the strong true art of my country, which everybody in the world understands! What a happiness it is to find a common tongue with strangers and to know that this tongue is the work of a Soviet artist . . .

Sunday, October 28th.

The town of Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon. The English call their great fellow-countryman the Swan of Avon. Shakespeare's house has probably been rebuilt so many times that it is doubtful whether there is a single brick or board left that Shakespeare ever saw. But perhaps there is . . .

That, however, is not important. The very knowledge that he walked these streets, breathed this air, saw these thick leafy trees fills one's heart with a sense of reverence. When you enter Holy Trinity Church where the immortal creator of *Hamlet* lies buried or visit the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and hear his resounding lines on the lips of the best actors of that theatre, you are possessed by a single feeling, a single aim to lay one's own mite, however modest, on the altar of his glory, to do what one can so that the words of Shakespeare, with all their power, justice and beauty should be clear and available to all mankind, uniting them and calling them to happiness, to the victory of reason and fraternity.

For the first time in its history, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre broke its rule of not playing on Sundays and put on a special performance of *Othello* for the Russian dancers. Could there be a more convincing sign of the respect for the visitors from Moscow who had had the temerity to bring to Britain, to the land of Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* and to relate the tragedy in the language of dance?

Belinsky once wrote that to translate Shakespeare in verse was a great feat. *The Times* wrote that our ballet translated every word of Shakespeare into the language of pure poetry. Be that as it may, we could not remain indifferent to all those kind words addressed to us that day by the President of the Trustees of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Lord Iliffe, the Chairman of the Theatre Executive Council, Fordham Flower, the Director Anthony Quayle, and all the talented actors and actresses appearing in *Othello*. Let them know that in Moscow today we have happy memories of the day we spent at Stratford.

Monday, October 29th.

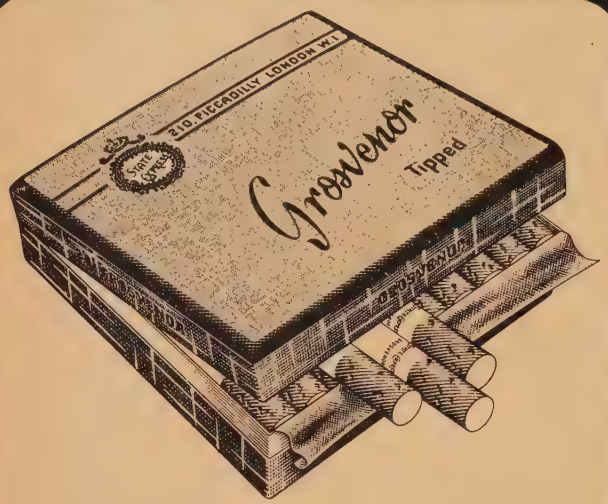
Today saw the last performance at Covent Garden. We danced *Swan Lake*, and it was a dazzling performance. But there was something much more important than the success of the performance, or rather something which was the result of the success of all our performances. That was our leave-taking with the public. The audience expressed its gratitude to the Bolshoi Theatre in a storm of applause so violent that at one moment I felt so frightened I shrank back from the footlights.

The whole company was on stage. The ovation lasted a quarter of an hour. The stage was a sea of flowers. Garlands of laurels were brought to us, and then more flowers, flowers without end. Every member of our company received presents from the gallery: camelias for the women, carnations for the men.

Who were they, these people in the audience? On the opening night I wrote about the *elite*. Today I can say that our audience was composed of plain people of England, hard-working, modest, even-tempered people. And if these people were roused to delight, if their hearts were set alight by the flames of Beauty and Inspiration, then that Beauty must be genuine.

Above: *A scene from the film* Giselle Photo: Roger Wood

BETTER TIP



BETTER BUY

Grosvenor

TIPPED

The special tip, composed of pure white plastic fibres yields more flavour from the fine tobaccos.

Boxes of 20—3/10

Also available in flat cartons of 10 and boxes of 50.

BETTER FLAVOUR

I remember the workers of a porcelain factory, who brought me a figurine of Giselle. They had made it in their spare time and when I asked them how I could thank them for their attention they answered: "Please, be photographed with us."

I remember talking to a taxi-driver who was taking me through Piccadilly Circus, all aglow with amusing neon advertisements.

Having deposited me at my hotel he said: "I won't charge you, ma'am. It's an honour." That, I suppose, was his way of paying tribute to the Russian dancers.

I remember those and many other impressions which add up to an image of a man calm by nature, full of self-respect, fond of his job, polite and intelligent—an ordinary Englishman. I fell in love with this Englishman, and I am convinced that he is full of goodwill and friendliness to all people, and that he hopes all the best and most beautiful qualities to be found in each nation can be preserved and added to if people will meet more often and get to know each other better, which means get to like each other better. And I do not think there is any force in the world today which could shake my conviction that the Soviet people and the British people share the same desire for peace and brotherhood, no matter in what sphere they work, physical or intellectual.

Saturday, November 3rd.

We have given three supplementary concerts at the Davis Theatre. This theatre which holds 4,000 was just as full as Covent Garden, seating 2,000, had been throughout our season. Here all the rest of our programme was filmed for a picture about the Russian ballet in England; character dances from Act III of *Swan Lake*, *Walpurgis Night*, and *The Death of the Swan* by Saint-Saens.

During these last days I finally escaped to London's art galleries and was really happy to see El Greco's *The Adoration of the Name of Jesus*, Leonardo da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks* and Velazquez's *Venus and Cupid.*

But for me the real discovery was the pictures by English artists. I was captivated once and for all, it seems, by their sound and serious style and by their perfect craftsmanship. Joshua Reynolds, that British Rubens, is so much more refined than the great Flemish artist. Constable and Turner with their marvellous landscapes as fresh and pure as the nature of their native land: the delicate and intelligent portraits by Gainsborough, the democratic Hogarth—what bold, powerful, frank artists they are!

That's all. In a few hours we shall be flying away from London, and I am so glad to be taking with me these bright and splendid impressions of British art.

Sunday, November 4th.

We are in the air. Behind us lies success and hard work. For me it meant thirteen performances in a single month. Ahead lies our country, the lights and stars of Moscow.

A few more moments—and how long those moments are!—and we are home.

How good it is to be home.

"Notes from My London Diary" is published by kind permission of *Soviet Literature.*

Parts one and two of the Ulanova Diary were published in June and July issues, both parts are still available from Ballet Today office, price 1s. 6d. each part (plus 3d. postage).

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

★ ★ FOR BOOKS ★ ★

Famed Centre for Books on

Ballet and The Theatre

and every other subject.

STOCK OF OVER 3 MILLION VOLUMES

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

GERrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ *Open 9-6 (Thursdays 9-7)*

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

MEN IN BALLET

Dancer with an eye to the future

RONALD HYND

THE average dancer, happy in his pride of body and in his perfect control of limb and movement, is content to live for the present day. Things are good at the present time for male dancers; the market is not yet over-stocked, and they have no particular difficulty in finding lucrative engagements.

A male dancer's "expectation of life" (that is to say professional life) may be somewhat more rosy than that of a ballerina who, apart from exceptional cases, rarely expects to continue working after the age of thirty-five as a stage performer. She may, of course, take up teaching. Normally most girl-dancers marry and retire. A man, however, must keep on working, and if he takes good care of himself, he can go on until middle age without losing his figure. In this country we have not yet reached the stage of continuing to admire male dancers whose figures resemble those of operatic tenors! As he approaches the forties, however, it behoves even a male dancer to start thinking in terms of other resources; better still, of course, if he starts thinking even earlier! But very few male dancers do.

An exception is Ronald Hynd, who, still in his first youth, and recently married to Annette Page of the Royal Ballet, takes life quite seriously. He adores his work, but it does not absorb all his mental energy. He has been careful to select a side-interest very much in keeping with his main work, and that is a passion for good music. All his spare time is spent in collecting operatic records, or listening to hi-fi in his own sound-proof studio.

A Londoner by birth, he was trained by Marie Rambert, and received his first practical experience with the Rambert Ballet in which, like most members of the company, he had to prove himself by being immensely versatile.

After two years of this he joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden and soon graduated to a series of highly colourful romantic roles. He is the Prince in *Firebird*, the Prince of Arroganza in *The Lady and the Fool* and again the Prince of the title-part in *Prince of the Pagodas*. Indeed the sort of hero every teen-age ballet-fan falls instantly in love with.

Annette and Ronald share the same tastes; they both adore good music—and relaxing on long walking tours in the Alps! All their holidays are spent wandering over the mountains of Austria, Switzerland and Bavaria, and they have a kind of dream that one of these days they will save sufficient to buy a little chalet on some remote Dolomite slope, and retire there, at least for rest periods!

Not for good, of course; Ronald, being a thinking man, has other plans for his future already mapped out. If ever he does give up actually dancing, he hopes to turn his attention to other branches of stage work. Choreography and operatic production are specialised subjects that strongly appeal to him. At the present time he is keeping his eyes open, carefully marking each new idea exploited in the shows he sees, and waiting for the first opportunity to put his own experiments into practice. Taking careful note of audience reactions, too. Already he has gained a good deal of foreign experience with the Royal Ballet company. He accompanied it on its third American tour, and is on the present one. In addition, he has danced with it in Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Portugal.

The "plum job", in Ronald's opinion, is that already landed by several former Sadler's Wells dancers—that of adding to Britain's prestige by becoming resident ballet-master or producer at one of the State opera houses abroad. To fit himself for such a position at some future time, he realises that he must make the most of his opportunities now, and above all spend some time on brushing up his languages. This is a task which is now occupying quite a bit of his attention.

Text by Elisabethe Corathiel

Above:—Ronald Hynd as Prince of Arroganza in Lady and the Fool
Photo: Houston Rogers

To BALLET TODAY
I enclose 17s. 6d. Please send BALLET TO-DAY for twelve months as from the.....issue.
Name (*Block letters please*).....
Address .....
.....
Subscription Rate for 10 *issues per year Inland and Overseas* 17*s.* 6*d. per annum.*
Single copies 1*s.* 6*d. monthly, post* 3*d. extra.*
BALLET TODAY, 15, *Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey, England.*
Remittances from abroad must be made payable in England.

FULL BALLET GUIDE FOR THE MONTH

THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

20th	Aug.	Tues.	(eve)	*The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Job*
21st	,,	Wed.	(eve)	*The Lady and the Fool, Symphonic Variations, Job*
22nd	,,	Thurs.	(eve)	*Ballet Imperial, Rinaldo and Armida, Checkmate*
23rd	,,	Fri.	(eve)	*Les Sylphides, Checkmate, Ballet Imperial*
24th	,,	Sat.	(mat)	*The Shadow, La Péri, The Lady and the Fool*
24th	,,	Sat.	(eve)	*The Shadow, La Péri, The Lady and the Fool*
26th	,,	Mon.		*Theatre closed*
27th	,,	Tues.	(eve)	*Ballet Imperial, Symphonic Variations, Checkmate*
28th	,,	Wed.	(eve)	*Les Sylphides, La Péri, Checkmate*
29th	,,	Thurs.	(eve)	*The Shadow* (Beriosova, Lindsay: Shaw, Chatfield, Ashbridge, Doyle, Hynd, Mader), *Giselle* (Nerina, Blair, Linden, Page, Trecu)
30th	,,	Fri.	(eve)	*The Lady and the Fool* (Beriosova, Chatfield, Blair, Doyle, Hynd, Powell), *Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes, Lindsay, Lane, Shaw)
31st	,,	Sat.	(mat)	*Les Sylphides, Rinaldo and Armida, Ballet Imperial*
31st	,,	Sat.	(eve)	*Les Sylphides, Rinaldo and Armida, Ballet Imperial*

FESTIVAL BALLET AT FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON

Evenings at 8 p.m. Matinées (Wednesdays and Saturdays) at 2.30 p.m.

Tues. 20th August to Wed. 21 August	*Coppelia*
Thur. 22 August to Tues. 27 August	*Petrouchka; The Pas de Quatre; Harlequinade* (Pas de Deux Romantique); *Symphony for Fun*
Wed. 28 August to Fri. 30 August	*Coppelia*
Sat. 31 August	*Giselle; Graduation Ball*
Mon. 2 September to Wed. 4 September	*Petrouchka; Harlequinade* (Pas de Deux Romantique); *Graduation Ball*
Thur. 5 September	*Gala Performance* (to celebrate the Eighth Anniversary of London's Festival Ballet)
Fri. 6 September to Sat. 7 September	*Swan Lake* (Act II); *Concerti; Graduation Ball*

XIMENES and VARGAS SPANISH BALLET COMPANY

At the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London
Tues. 20th until Sat. 31st Aug.

JOSÉ LIMON AND HIS AMERICAN DANCE COMPANY

At the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London
Tues. 3rd until Sat. 14th Sept.

BALLET ESPANOL DE PILAR LOPEZ

At the Palace Theatre, London
Four week season commencing 12th Aug.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET ON TOUR

W/c	9th Sept.	*The Playhouse, Streatham Hill*
,,	16th ,,	*The Hippodrome, Golders Green*
,,	23rd ,,	*New Theatre, Cardiff*
,,	30th ,,	*Hippodrome, Bristol*

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

The Swedish Royal Ballet
at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh

19th	Aug.	Mon.		*The Prodigal Son, Giselle*
20th	,,	Tues.		*The Prodigal Son, Giselle*
21st	,,	Wed.	(mat)	*Giselle, Gaieté Parisienne*
21st	,,	Wed.	(eve)	*The Prodigal Son, Giselle*
22nd	,,	Thur.	(eve)	*Cupid out of His Humour, Sisyphus, Miss Julie*
23rd	,,	(Fri.)		*Cupid out of His Humour, Sisyphus, Miss Julie*
24th	,,	Sat.	(mat)	*Cupid out of His Humour, Sisyphus, Miss Julie*
24th	,,	Sat.	(eve)	*Miss Julie, Sisyphus, Gaieté Parisienne*

Ballets Africains de Keita Fodéba
at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh
Mon. 26th to Sat. 31st Aug.
Programme of Ritual Dances from French Equatorial Africa
(Mats. Wed. and Sat.)

Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas
at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh

Mon.	2 Sept. to	*Les Sylphides, La Femme Muette, Le Cygne*
Wed.	4 Sept.	*Noir, Petrouchka*
Thur.	5 Sept. to	*Concerto Barocco, Song of Unending Sorrow,*
Sat.	7 Sept.	*Spectre de la Rose, Tertullia*

(Mats. Wed. and Sat.)

BULGARIAN STATE COMPANY

at the Royal Festival Hall, London
115 artists in Music, Song and Dance 9-14th Sept.
Mat. (Sat.) 2.30 p.m.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

D. Di Salvo

SHOES SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN AND THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE COMPANY

Famous Bespoke Sun-ray Ballet Shoes Supplied to all Parts of the World—Specialists in correct fitting

ALL SHOES NOW IN STOCK

	s.	d
Blocked Satin, Pk. Wht. or Blk. ..	16	0
Unblck. Satin, Pk. Wht. or Blk. ..	15	0
Block, Canvas, Pk. Wht. or Blk. ..	12	6
Unblck. Canvas, Pk. Wht. or Blk. ..	10	6
Blocked White Leather and all colours ..	18	0
Unblck., Best Quality Coloured Leather in Red, Blk., Pk., Blue or any other colour	16	6

Postage and Packaging extra 6d. per pr.

Write: D. DI SALVO, 11 WEST STREET, CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS, LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: Tem. Bar 9201, 4134.

Children's Speciality
Our hand-stitched, soft-toe shoes for the children are smooth, flexible, and perfect fitting like gloves, specially made for carefree and happy dancing.
Please send outline of the ft.

LILIAN HARMEL STUDIO

Comprehensive Dance Training for Profs. and Children

37, FERNCROFT AVENUE, N.W.3 **HAM 0213**

SCHOOLS

RICHMOND (Surrey)

THE NORAH WEBBER ARTS—EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL
Boys and Girls 5-18 years
Education, Ballet, Drama, Music, Singing
143/145 Kew Rd. RIC 5046.

LIVERPOOL

Shelagh Elliot-Clarke School. Dance, Drama, Art, Music. 63 Rodney Street. Royal 3323.

HILDE HOLGER

SCHOOL OF MODERN BALLET

Curriculum: Modern Technique — Classical Technique — Dance Composition — Choreography
PRODUCTION GROUP
Intensive Evening Course — Professionals—Amateurs—Children
Secretary, 27 Oval Road, Regents Park, London, N.W.1. *Phone: GULliver 6822*

JANET CRANMORE

SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL BALLET
(Legat system)
and
BALLET CLUB

Studios and Ballet Theatre
154 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16. *Tel EDG 2482*

LYANE DAYDÉ

Guest Artist with Festival Ballet during their present London Season

By JEAN COQUELLE

LYANE DAYDÉ has the slenderness and fluid grace of a young cat. Large wide-open eyes full of mischievous candour—more mischief than candour at that—set in a delicate well-drawn face, a slight, well-proportioned figure, long legs firmly balanced on points of steel, hands as light as a feather—that is Lyane Daydé in a nutshell.

A pupil of Carlotta Zambelli, of Mlle. Cesbron and of Albert Aveline at the Opéra, and of Blanche d'Alessandri outside the Opéra, she was engaged from the age of 13 in the corps de ballet (2me. quadrille). Her progress in the complex hierarchy of the Académie Nationale de Musique et de Danse was rapid. She was appointed directly as a coryphée without passing first through the ler. quadrille. In the next examination she was admitted to the petit sujet and later by the unanimous vote of the judges she was nominated première danseuse, skipping the grade of grand sujet. After a tour of South America during which she had to take the place of stars who were unable to appear, she was nominated star dancer in 1950 at the age of 17.

At this time, Lyane Daydé was feeling the effects of her too rapid progress. Her dancing still had a too acid grace and her technique seemed too forced. The strenuous work that she had to undertake at this time had not been completely assimilated and this provoked me to write one day "that she was an unripened fruit", which as I saw it was in no way derogatory, but on the contrary, it was a half-compliment addressed to a young dancer, and only mildly critical.

Since then Lyane Daydé has matured—but she still looks as young as when she was nominated a star dancer. Now that she has mastered technique, she has set out to conquer a style which her delicate frame demands. Quickly escaping from the rigid norms that are traditionally the lot of the stars of our great theatre, she has set out to build up for herself the dancing personality which best suits her nature, at once lyrical and dynamic. To those who have seen her in *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle, Entre Deux Rondes, Phèdre* and *Les Animaux Modèles* amongst others, the evolution, which I would call a revolution, that she has brought about in a few years is astounding. The difficult role of Giselle and that of Juliet have become quite familiar to her. As regards *Giselle*, of which she has just recently given a remarkable interpretation, I must say that I would like to see a more profound study of the mad scene in the first act; certain moments still lack dramatic intensity but on the whole, her portrayal has all the emotional force one could wish.

Lyane Daydé seems to me to need above all to escape from the Lifar repertoire in order to devote herself to the great classical works of art. The management of the Opéra is proposing to present a version of *Lac des Cygnes* in which only the prologue will be reduced. I hope very much to see Lyane Daydé in the lead as this ballet could be a decisive point in her career in releasing her completely from the "Opéra style" and in perfecting her musicality misused by Lifarian creations.

Lyane Daydé seated in the famous Foyer de la Danse at the Paris Opera.

It is interesting that London should see her in *Giselle*; she has the deep understanding of the romantic style necessary to this role which she learnt from Mme. Alessandri whom, she said, taught her the spirit of Dancing—a lesson she now continues with Edmond Linval.

Lyane Daydé is the young fairy of French dancing.

NEWS FROM THE WORLD (*Continued from page 7*).

HOLLAND

BALLET in the Holland Festival 1957 was represented by the Royal Ballet (formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet), which was received with some disgruntlement owing to the fact that most people expected Fonteyn and were bitterly disappointed when they did not get her. The company chose to do programmes of a back-breaking length (the curtain went up on *Les Patineurs* on the opening night at 11 p.m.) and showed some initial raggedness owing to the heat and the journey which had preceded their opening, and it was generally felt to be disappointing that no work of Ashton of a later vintage than 1936 was shown. *Blood Wedding* and *Solitaire* were the most successful works presented.

Also under the auspices of the Holland Festival, the Netherlands Opera Ballet presented *Jeu de Cartes* with Roland Casenave as the Joker; though this dancer is entirely unlike Babilée, his own qualities of lightness and mischief made his portrayal interesting. Also premièred were *Palais de Cristal* which Max Bozzoni came from Paris to produce, and *Le Sanctuaire*, a new ballet by Françoise Adret, the Directress of the company. The Netherlands Ballet, also for the Holland Festival, produced *The Firebird*, mounted with great success by Grigoriev and Tchernicheva, in which Marianna Hilarides was a slightly earthbound but otherwise brilliant Firebird and Aart Verstegen quite outstanding as Kostchei; this artist is undoubtedly the most versatile and sensitive Dutch male dancer appearing today. Also given was *The Hat* with choreography by Paul Grinwis.

Most notable local event, however, was the tenth anniversary of the Ballet der Lage Landen, celebrated on May 29th. Queen Juliana graced the occasion with her presence and in the interval Mascha ter Weeme, Angela Bayley, Leo Kersley and other members of the company were presented to Her Majesty. The programme was an entirely new one, consisting of Walter Gore's *Hoops*, which was generally felt to be not very successful and far too long; Peter Darrell's *The Gift* which offered Ina Rietstap, in the part created by Julia Farron, the opportunity of her career (what an intelligent dancer she is); and that surprising thing, an entirely successful re-mounting of *The Nutcracker* by Walter Gore. This was presented in one complete act without interval, and did not seem over-long. Outstanding in this production were the Drosselmayer of Johan Mittertreiner—justly described by a local critic as "our leading character dancer"—the Nutcracker Prince of Leo Kersley, the Mechanical Doll and Mirleton of Clazina Nepveu, Clara's family—Martin Molema as the Father, Else Schut as the Mother, Wim Bender as Franz (how difficult it is for a dancer of 26 to play a boy of ten! but in this case with conviction and sincerity); and, last but not least, Lieke de Leeuw, as the most enchanting Clara within my memory—this dancer has immense potentialities, and it is only to be hoped that no film producer sets eyes on her, for if she were whisked off to Hollywood she could be serious competition to Audrey Hepburn. However, let's hope she stays in ballet for a while longer.

JANET SINCLAIR.

BURNETS

for

THEATRICAL FABRICS and ACCESSORIES

ELASTIC FISH-NET TIGHTS and OPERA HOSE

COTTON or WOOL TIGHTS

LEOTARDS GLOVES, BELTS, etc.

STAGE CURTAINS MADE TO ORDER

CURTAIN TRACKS SUPPLIED

Price list on application

B. BURNET & Co. Ltd.

Established 1832

22 *GARRICK STREET LONDON W.C.2*

Tel. TEMple Bar 3972 & 4893

BUSH DAVIES SCHOOLS
LIMITED

DIRECTORS: NOREEN BUSH, MARJORIE DAVIES, VICTOR LEOPOLD, S. E. DAVIES

DANCE ★ MUSIC ★ DRAMA ★ EDUCATION

Boarding School: 'CHARTERS TOWERS', EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX
RECOGNISED BY THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

Day School: THE STUDIOS, 31 EASTERN ROAD, ROMFORD, ESSEX
LICENSED ANNUALLY BY THE SURREY C.C. AND ESSEX C.C. RESPECTIVELY

Telephones: Dormans Park 227. *Day School: Romford* 331

THE EUPHAN MACLAREN THEATRE SCHOOL

FULL STAGE TRAINING
CHILDREN CAREFULLY TRAINED
JUNIOR BALLET CLASS EVERY DAY

Apply for Prospectus
THE STUDIO, 10 SCARSDALE VILLAS,
KENSINGTON, W.8 Western 6605

PHYLLIS BEDELLS
VICE-PRESIDENT ROYAL ACADEMY OF DANCING

SCHOOL OF BALLET -
Professional and Amateur
BALLET (R.A.D.) CHARACTER, NATIONAL, MODERN, BALLROOM, STAGE
INCLUSIVE TRAINING FOR STUDENTS

28 QUEX ROAD, WEST HAMPSTEAD, N.W.6
Maida Vale 2324

for the Ballerina of the family

Official Stockists to the R.A.D.
We Stock (*Price List*-2½d)

- Exam. Garments, Tights, Leotards & Specialized Underwear etc.,
- Ballet, Tap, Character Shoes etc.,
- Leichner Stage Make-up.
- Personal Visitors Welcomed.
- Mail/'Phone Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

E. GANDOLFI LTD.
Theatrical and Ballet Shoe Makers
Showroom
Dorset House. 150 Marylebone Rd. London. N.W.1
(near Baker St. Station)
WELbeck 6049 and 8083

HOME TRADE & EXPORT.

Made in France

Fabiola

fully fashioned
NYLON STRETCH TIGHTS
as worn by members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet

Black, White, Flesh, Light & Dark Tan

FROM LEADING THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS

Sizes: Average Large

Insist on
Fabiola *Fully Fashioned Tights*

SIGURD LEEDER SCHOOL OF DANCE

MODERN BALLET

FULL PROFESSIONAL TRAINING
AMATEUR CLASSES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Autumn Term Commences 23rd Sept. 1957

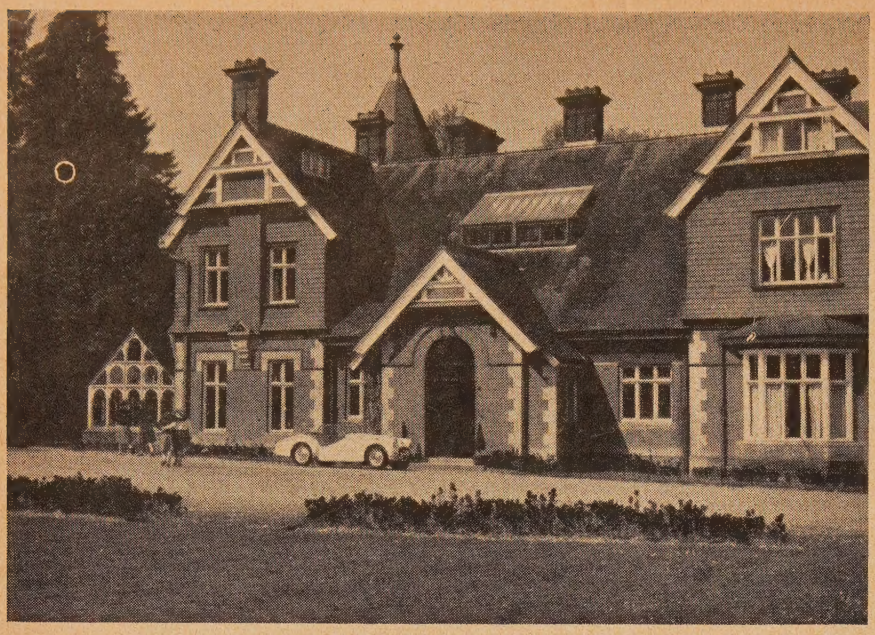
46a REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1
Tel : TERminus 1915

ROWENA JACKSON

like many other famous dancers wears

GAMBA

BALLET SHOES



FEATURING THE SCHOOLS

CHARTERS TOWERS AT EAST GRINSTEAD

Photos on opposite page

1. *For the 90 or so resident students there are really excellent facilities. Here the first few girls leave their dormitory and begin to get ready for the day which lies ahead.*

2. *Across the end of the junior dormitory the dressing mirrors are arranged as in a theatrical dressing room.*

3. *Some are ready, others still relax in their light and colourful dormitory.*

4. *A senior ballet class in the new studio.*

5. *A good training in English literature and Drama is an essential part of stage work. Here a drama group are acting scenes from The Merchant of Venice as part of their class work.*

6. *In a few minutes the main hall is converted into a Dining room.*

Left: Part of the frontage of Charters Towers.

BOARDING School life, painted in alluring colours, is the subject of countless "best sellers" for under-twelves and teen-agers. The libraries are full of them, and in bookshops they find a ready sale among omnivorous long-legged readers. But of all the intriguing institutions that captivate adventurous spirits, surely none makes a stronger appeal to the imagination than a ballet boarding school.

As Great Britain has no National Ballet, there is no equivalent in this country to the State training-establishments attached to leading national theatres on the Continent. Ballet boarding schools have, however, made their appearance in considerable numbers around the outskirts of London since the War. The best retain all the excellent features of that essentially English institution, the home-like school for resident pupils, plus the added specialised training designed to give these pupils a solid foundation for their future career.

Of these numerous schools, only four so far are officially recognised by the Ministry of Education, which means that parents can rely upon their standard as thoroughly efficient secondary schools in the general educational sense, quite apart from their qualifications to train pupils professionally.

The Bush Davies School, Charters Towers, one of the four, is situated in 27 acres of rolling downland on the Surrey-Sussex border, near East Grinstead. The directors include Miss Noreen Bush and Miss Marjorie Davies, both well-known examiners of the Royal Academy of Dancing, and Mr. Victor Leopold, a former professional who is on the Council of the Imperial Society. Mr. Leopold is also a practical building-designer of more than ordinary skill, and the reconstructions and additions he has originated since the partners took over the premises (formerly a boys' school) have made it one of the most admirable of its kind in the whole country.

Life at Charters Towers begins with the rising bell at 7.30. Into the pretty bathrooms the pupils flock; and at a hundred little cretonne dressing-tables ranged theatre-fashion along dormitory walls dozens of little heads are smoothly brushed in readiness for another exciting day. Breakfast is at 8.15, followed by prayers at nine; and by 9.20 all the pupils are seated at their desks in airy classrooms with windows overlooking trees and green lawns. All the classrooms are situated in separate structures away from the main building, where peace reigns until the afternoon, when dancing classes begin to dovetail into the seven basic subjects, which are English, French, mathematics, history, geography, art and nature study. There are regular, supervised prep. periods, all falling into the school-work day which ends at 3.30; if, by any chance special vocational coaching overlaps general-education work, these prep. periods can be made elastic.

In the early afternoon music beings to echo through the halls and salons of the main building. There are four large ballet rooms. A covered porch-annex, tile-floored, is reserved for tap-practice. There are classes for ballet (the accent is on ballet) but also for ball-room dancing, various kinds of stage dancing, national dancing, tap-and-modern dancing, and every other kind of work that may be called for in the commercial theatre. This, of course, quite apart from music—the piano is the main instrument—both technical and executive, with special courses in musical appreciation. The music teacher is Miss Norah Newby, R.A.M. Singing lessons are given by Raymond Newell. The pupils take in their stride the Benesh system of dance-notation, which is quite easy for nimble young brains to master, and many are already adept in "writing down" the various steps and enchaînements. Special attention is also given to elocution and, of course, dramatic work, this department being taken care of by Miss Gwenda Sayre, a former Old Vic actress who is also a L.A.M.D.A. examiner and lecturer, and Miss Laura Webster, another L.A.M.D.A. examiner.

So every hour of the day is filled with exhilarating, profitable, satisfying activity, the kind of action-filled, music-accompanied employment all adventurous young people love.

One of the school's greatest assets is its own portable theatre seating about 200, the building of which was designed and supervised by Mr. Leopold. Thanks to "do it yourself", with a few valuable gifts (the folding door, for instance) from appreciative parents, this structure, which might easily cost some £3,000 on the open market, has been reasonably acquired bit-by-bit, and is a source of endless joy and benefit to the pupils. It is fitted with the most up-to-date lighting system and in every respect reproduces the essential features of any ordinary theatre the young artists may expect to encounter when they start on their professional career—including a few of the handicaps, such as shortage of space back stage! Here they learn to take a flying leap from nothing more than a crouched spring in the perilously narrow wings! Here they learn the mysteries of the switch-board, and fall into the discipline of the prompt-corner.

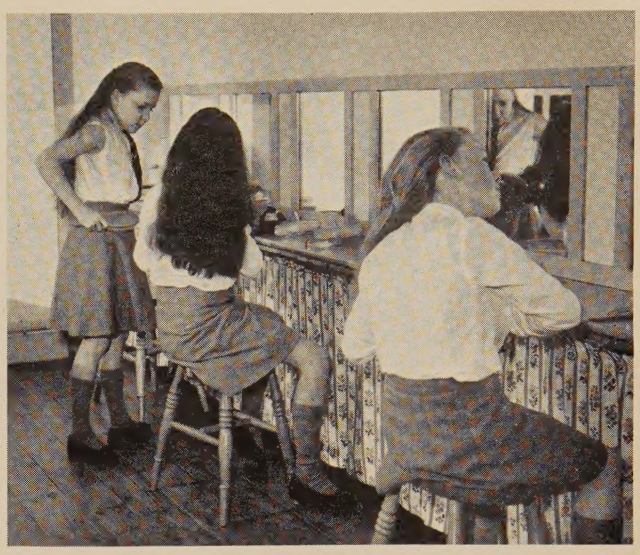
Every year the whole school unites in a Gala show, sometimes a whole programme of ballet, sometimes a pantomime or a play. All sets are designed on the spot; all costumes are made in the school under the watchful eye of the wardrobe mistress. For at least three months while the Show is in preparation everyone lends a hand; even some of the lyrics and the music for them are home-products. There is little time when this is going on for anyone to get into mischief!

While ballet lessons and general dance classes take the place of organised school sports, there is plenty of opportunity at Charters Towers for healthy outdoor exercise. The twenty-two acres of grounds provide safe and secluded private fields and woodlands for the young folks to wander about in. There are delightful gardens where all the house flowers and the kitchen-requirements are grown. There is a swimming pool and hard court; one corner is set aside for the girls' own private pets, which include rabbits, hamsters and other fascinating small beasts. Dogs, too, provide friendly companionship.

The younger children sleep in a pretty pink dormitory with twenty identical beds. There are dormitories, sleeping up to six, for bigger girls, while prefects have adult prestige in separate buildings, in rooms designed for three. General education is taken up to G.C.E. standard, and here the pupils range in age from 9 to 16 years. Then comes the student group, which can include girls up to the threshold of their career, at the age of about 21.

The atmosphere is vital, friendly and completely international. Pupils come from all parts of the world, the present "population" of Charters Towers including girls from the Transvaal, Singapore, Ceylon, New Zealand, Trinidad, Belfast, Nigeria, Brussels, Germany, Morocco, Israel, Kenya, Lebanon, Bengal, Channel Islands, Canada, Turkey, Southern Rhodesia, Hong Kong and Kuala Lumpur.

All photographs in this feature are by Ballet Today Photographer F. W. Farley.



ANELLO & DAVIDE 96 CHARING CROSS ROAD,

Ballerina's Shoemaker LONDON, W.C.2 TEMple Bar 5019